

Hard Fighting Is the Feature of Week-End Games on Many College Gridirons

Harvard, Centre, W. and J. and Navy Draw Real Surprises

Army Provides the Most Stirring Finish in Defeating Alabama Poly; Rutgers Also Comes Through With Winning Punch in the Closing Period

By W. B. Hanna

On the whole, Saturday was a day of exceedingly hard fighting in football. Even Harvard, which did not have as formidable a foe booked as most of the other leading teams, did not win from Bowdoin by such a one-sided score. A 15-0 against Bowdoin was no more than fair.

Yale, beaten by Iowa 6 to 0, nevertheless battled with great valor, showing the effects on defense which looseness in that department indicated the would show, but with fighting rallies in the second half showed more evidence of latent offensive strength than it seemed likely the Blue could produce this early.

Looks as if there is a good deal of possibility in the Blue if the coaching is there to bring it out. At this stage it may be questioned whether Yale or Iowa is the best in its respective section—probably not.

Helpful Victory for Tigers
Princeton's game with Colgate was played under football against a team handicapped by fumbling and without the Tigers having to extend themselves to the full limit. Colgate had a better punch, but no finesse. Neither a tidy and helpful victory for Nassau.

Columbia had a real battle with Wesleyan, and the Navy had a surprisingly hard one with Bucknell, but both had finally come through. The best finish of the day was made by the Army—nineteen points against Alabama Poly in the second period. There was a real finish. Yale's was strong and gallant but the Army's was these things plus greater strength as well as success.

Rutgers made a driving finish, too, as did the Navy, both winning by touchdowns in the final quarter. Carnegie Tech, the team Yale defeated two weeks ago, rather upset calculations by tying W. and J. though a stubborn game was expected.

Some Easy Victories

Brown and Syracuse showed how well matched they were. Neither scored, and probably both were disappointed. Teams which fell into the easy game class were Lafayette (Cornell), also Penn State. Lafayette overwhelmed Muhlenberg, as did Cornell to New Hampshire State, and Penn State did not find Lebanon Valley's season opponent Penn beat Maryland and is going along well.

It's a season of rough sledding for the Pittsburgh Panthers. Two defeats close together in one season is treatment the Panthers and Pop Warner are not accustomed to—less majestic, were there any such thing in football, but there isn't. The old order changed and football ability is spreading more and more. The class was capital, as anyone. Big Three? Only in name. Centre, who certain wise men say is going to trim Harvard this week, had it could do to win from Virginia Poly, and Vanderbilt, who is playing to a scoreless draw, lived up to the order of the day, which was close battling.

New York Soccer Eleven

Defeats Vikings, 8 to 1

Meeting with slight opposition in the opening round of America's soccer classic, the team of the New York Football Club defeated the Viking Football Club, of this city, by the score of 8 goals to 1, in a match for the National Challenge Trophy, at New York Oval yesterday. The score stood at 2-0 when ends were changed.

Burnett, off a pass by McGhee on the left, scored in the first half of play, and McGhee also from McGhee, in the second five minutes later. The game had gone twenty-five minutes when McGhee got possession and came right across with the ball, making it 3 to 0. Right after Burnett scored from a mixup. A Stark brought in the fifth tally near half-time.

Hardy contributed the sixth count after the restart. Finally, a fine burst from the part of the Viking forwards resulted in Lindquist shooting the goal. McGhee's pass to A. Stark resulted in another goal for New York, and the eighth and last was put through by McGhee unaided.

Position. New York (8). Vikings (1).
G. Lindquist, forward, 11; H. Stark, 10; B. McGhee, 9; A. Stark, 8; J. Stark, 7; C. Stark, 6; E. Stark, 5; F. Stark, 4; G. Stark, 3; H. Stark, 2; I. Stark, 1.
Goal: New York F. C.—Burnett (2), A. Stark (3), McGhee (2), Hardy. Viking F. C.—Lindquist. Referee—H. Boman. Time of halves, 45 minutes.

Candy Kid II Wins

Canarsie Yacht Race

The annual races for the Langbein and the Brook trophies was held under the auspices of the Canarsie Yacht Club yesterday. The first trophy is for open motor boats and cabin launches. On actual time it was won by H. Green's Florence G. When chairman R. Totten, of the race committee, got busy with pen and ink, it was found that the cup had been taken by Candy Kid II, the property of F. McNall, on corrected time.

The Brook trophy race was for cabin launches. It was an interesting scrap, sailed in a good breeze from the southwest. The winner on actual time was A. Kop's Scent. The races ended the racing season on Jamaica Bay.

The summary.
LANGBEIN TROPHY—MOTORBOATS AND CABIN CRUISERS.

Elapsed Corrected Time.
Yacht and Owner. H. M. S. H. M. S.
Candy Kid II, F. McNall, 1:23:10 1:20:05
Scent, A. Kop, 1:23:10 1:20:05
Wona, J. Gates, 1:23:10 1:20:05
BROOK TROPHY—CABIN CRUISERS.
Scent, A. Kop, 1:23:10 1:20:05
Shadow, C. Thompson, 1:23:10 1:20:05
Sundog, G. Brown, 1:23:10 1:20:05
Hedge, T. Mason, 1:23:10 1:20:05

British Eliminated in Soccer Competition

The British War Veterans were eliminated yesterday from the National Challenge Soccer Cup competition when they suffered defeat at the hands of the Bay Ridge Football Club in the first round at Hawthorne Field, Brooklyn. Bay Ridge won by 3 goals to 0 after a non-scoring first period.

Within five minutes after the restart the Bay Ridge forwards bombarded the War Veterans' goal with such effect that a shot by Robinson crossed the bar. Cavanaugh got possession on the rebound and found the net. Duvoy scored from a mix-up two minutes later. A brilliant shot by Simon on the left made it three straight for Bay Ridge fifteen minutes from the end.

Leland Parkin



Speedy quarterback, of Iowa football team, whose touchdown won sensational victory over Yale at Neie Haven Saturday.

Tigers Lack Power, but Likely Will Extend Yale, Says Hanna

By W. B. Hanna

"We have no football team at present," says Bill Roper, head coach at Princeton. "What we have is embryonic." There is a good deal to be said pro and con about football at Princeton this year. Worse Tiger teams than this one promises to be have gone up to the Yale game and been quite properly trimmed. This one will be harder to trim, so far as appetite for the game and willingness go, than several in the past that fell into Eli's clutches.

Watching the forwards at work against Colgate, forwards often charged by the Maroon, they were more active and agile but embryonic. Activity and agility go far to make a good charge, but the lift and power, which, well applied and in harmony, go far to make an effective charge, were less in evidence than a lot of individual spryness and willingness. The close-knit offense of Colgate, not quite as much so as Foster Sanford's, but reminding of it, did not test the Tiger line as much as if it had had more variety. Colgate did not have enough plays to harass the Tigers to the extreme. A cross-cross to one side, a plunge, a quarterback run, a dive to the other side and not enough wide running to stretch out the Tiger line made it look as if Mr. Harlow had come down depending on a few good plays cleverly done to beat the Jungle cat.

Not a bad scheme sometimes, but not enough in this instance to fool continually eleven men as keen as Princeton's. As it was, the offense was getting through often—finding holes where the Tiger tackles weren't, to paraphrase a baseball expression—and with the Tiger ends down over where they did little more than look on while a Colgate back went bumping along until he ran into the secondary. If somebody had cleaned out this secondary in a while, good news would have been the Colgate backs would have gone. As it was, they went far enough, so far as the Tiger ends and tackles were concerned.

Tiger Tackles Work Well
Down the field work by Princeton's ends was capital. The Princeton punters' punting was so much better adapted to being covered than Colgate's was that Colgate didn't have near anywhere the chances to run back punts. The Tiger did, and then again Princeton excelled as much in running back punts as in kicking them. Here was one detail, added to immensely better skill in handling the ball, which enabled Princeton to beat a more rugged team and one with faster running backs.

Colgate in the backfield resorted to letting punts strike and roll rather than trying to catch them, thereby not only missing a chance to return the ball by running, but finding itself in the intolerable position of a kicked ball coming to a dead stop around the five-yard line. Inability of the Princeton players to catch punts may have forced these tactics on Colgate, but it brought a heavy penalty.

One time on a Princeton punt the man down the field first was not up to par as it is exploited at Princeton. A muffed ball bounded right to his feet, but he made no Sam Wylie pick-up and ran to the dish, where he could have done by picking up the ball. He didn't even fall on it. It bounced around his feet until a Colgate player fell on it. Fancy, and by Princeton!

This was no such Colgate team as when Wes Gillo and Brooks and Anderson played, but a right good one and a hard one for anybody to beat. One of its glaring faults was protection—or no protection—for the forward passer. It isn't often a passer is caught and thrown before he has a chance to get away his pass—it isn't often men are through and throw him off as was the case in this game. He had little time in which to wait for the players to distribute themselves for the play.

The Tigers promise to be as apt in useful details as they generally are, such as forward passing from the

Lawrence and Thomas Victors In Bike Race

San Francisco Pair Steal Up on Big Field in Team Struggle at Velodrome

Lloyd ("Cat") Thomas and Percy Lawrence, San Francisco boys, lapped the field in the two-hour team race at the New York Velodrome yesterday afternoon and won the race. Eight thousand fans, the largest Sunday crowd of the season, cheered the two lappers as they cheerfully succeeded in taking a lap on the entire field. All season long Thomas and Lawrence have tried to gain a lap in these long runs, but not until yesterday, in the last meet of the season at the up-town track were they successful in turning the trick.

Only a puncture to Tommy Fitzsimmons prevented the team of Fitzsimmons and Harry Horan from lapping the field. For it was the team of Horan and Fitzsimmons, with Lawrence and Thomas, who dashed away after the twenty-eight mile of the race and opened up a gap of three-quarters of a lap on the rest of the field. When it appeared as if these two teams would lap the field Fitzsimmons punctured, which put him out of it. Thomas and Lawrence, though, relieved each other every two laps, fought gamely, and after four miles of hard racing succeeded in gaining the lap against the field of stars.

Containing a lap on a small track like Madison Square Garden is a difficult enough task, but turning the trick on a big saucer like the six-lap track up in the Bronx is surely a more difficult feat. Thomas and Lawrence picked a great angle for their lap-gaining stunt as Eaton, Grenda, Walker and Papworth had just faced to the tape in the hardest sprint of the afternoon, and Grenda and Thomas got away the stars were all in from the hard ride and did not have the speed or stamina to go after them until they had got a big lead. Then they were unable to contain a lap.

Alfred Grenda and Orlando Piani finished second with 68 points; Eddie Madden and William Hanley finished third, with 65 points; Reggie McNamara and Ray Eaton finished fourth, with 60 points; Cecil Walker and Alex McBeath were fifth, with 48 points; Fred Hill and Clifford Papworth sixth, with 40 points; while severe places went to Anthony Young and Harry Kaiser, with 36 points.

Summary.
Two-hour team race (professional)—won by Lloyd Thomas and Percy Lawrence, of San Francisco, 1 lap lead; Alfred Grenda, of Tasmania, 2nd; Eddie Madden, of Newark, and William Hanley, of San Francisco, 3rd; Reggie McNamara, of Newark, and Ray Eaton, of East Orange, 4th; Cecil Walker, of Australia, 5th; Fred Hill, of Boston, and Clifford Papworth, of Australia, 6th; Anthony Young and Harry Kaiser, of the Bronx, 7th. Distance, 52 miles.

Over Nearby Links

ROSELLE
C. G. Thomson, club champion, tied the amateur record of the course, set two months ago by E. M. Wild, of Baltusrol. Thomson had a 74, despite two 68; par is 72. William Hager won Class I championship, defeating S. C. Greves in a professional four-hole match. Louis Martucci and James Martucci defeated Jack Parr and Jim Heany, 1 up, 36 holes.

FOREST HILL
Jim J. Kane, won club championship, defeating M. N. Thayer, 1 up, 36 holes. Class A handicap—John Higgins, 78-80; S. W. Mason, 78-77; R. L. Lloyd, 80-71. Class B handicap—A. C. Nagel, 87-19-68; A. W. Green, 88-16-80; L. A. Brady, 88-16-80.

WEEQUAHIC
Club championship semi-finals—Edward Curtin defeated Charles Rowe, 2 and 1; William Smith defeated Clarence Frazer, 1 up.

SHACKAMAXON
House Committee Trophy. Second round—J. E. Adams defeated George Scheffer, 1 up; Louis Harris defeated A. E. Bennett, 5 and 4; Frank Bennett won from George Abernathy by default; E. S. Jarvis defeated Stacy Bender, 4 and 3.

Philadelphia Eleven Triumphs
One of the hardest fought soccer battles of the season at Harrison, N. J., took place yesterday between the eleven of the Harrison Football Club and the Philadelphia Football Club. Philadelphia won by the score of four goals to three.

THE ROUND-UP

By The Staff

FOOTBALL rules the roost for the moment, and the many teams are plunging along toward the more important games of November. The fact is, however, October more and more is claiming its share of big, if not climactic, contests and coming to be almost as important as November. The first of the big October games hereabouts was the Yale-Iowa struggle, and coming soon are Harvard-Centre, Princeton-Chicago, Yale-Army, Harvard-Dartmouth, Penn-Navy, Penn State-Syracuse and Pitt-Syracuse, all to be played this month.

Football skill has spread to too many institutions for the Yale-Iowa result—a defeat for Yale—to be considered by any stretch of the imagination as an upset. It just found Iowa a mite stronger than Yale, and Iowa won. Perfectly logical. It would have been no surprise for either side to win.

The October grade of football has been fair to middling—nothing more. A few teams may be "finished" just now, but they are few. And a strict regard for the verities impels the statement that the grade of football thus far this fall shows no special or dazzling advance, but it's early yet. So far the new rule that a scrimmage on the 5-yard line instead of a free kick follows a touchdown has added scarcely more than a flicker of interest or zest to the game. Seems to be about as easy as ever to kick the goal.

The Conqueror of Jeffries Returns

JACK JOHNSON, conqueror of Jim Jeffries and former heavyweight champion of the world, has been boxing daily in the gymnasium at Madison Square Garden and has been performing so well that it is understood that he will shortly appeal to the Boxing Commission for permission to engage in a series of ring contests in this state. Johnson believes that he can defeat Harry Wills, and there seems to be some reason to believe that he would make an excellent showing against the colored heavyweight champion.

There are a number of promoters in this city who would be glad to give Johnson a chance if the Boxing Commission would grant him a license. Whether the authorities would overlook Johnson's somewhat sensational past and give him the right to perform in New York rings is extremely doubtful, but it is certain that they will be asked in the near future to hand down a decision on this question.

The Boxing Commission has fixed an age limit of thirty-eight years for all fighters. Johnson is generally considered to be well past this notch, although he claims to be only thirty-six years old. The former heavyweight champion looks to be in splendid physical condition and would undoubtedly make matters miserable for a lot of the present-day fighters in the division over which he once reigned. That he would attract a very considerable gate seems certain, but whether his re-entrance into the game would do the sport any good is something for the Boxing Commission to figure out.

A Dearth of Turf Champions

WITH the two weeks' meet at Empire City beginning this afternoon the metropolitan turf season of 1922 will pass into history.

In many respects it has been an unsatisfactory season, in none more so than in the unprecedented lack of form which has characterized racing in the East since the first bugle blew last May at Jamaica.

The curtain is to be rung down, and we have not one outstanding champion in any class. No one knows what one of a half dozen two-year-olds is the best. There never was such an unsatisfactory three-year-old year that topped in turn such illustrious stars as Morvich, Whiskaway, Rockminster and Bunting and which has failed to develop an issue between Kai-Sang and Lucky Hour. Outside of Exterminator and Grey Lag there does not appear a handicap horse worthy the name, for Thunderclap and Mad Hatter, erratic as they have been, have had mediocre competition in their victories.

Bunting's victory in the \$10,000 Maryland Handicap at Laurel last Saturday was a neat performance, but here again the competition was not particularly keen. None of the outstanding contenders for the title was in the field. What Bunting would have done with Kai-Sang in the race is something to ponder about.

Another indication of the lack of class may be found in the result of the rich Queen City Handicap at Latonia last Saturday, which was won by Wontfort Jones' OuiOui, a two-year-old filly which heretofore has shown nothing whatever in the way of unusual speed, and had little difficulty in taking the \$16,000 purse from an ordinary field.

Our racing associations should ponder deeply on this subject, for there must be a remedy. Many smart students of the game believe the American trend for sprint racing is at fault. It has developed a class of thoroughbred with little bottom. And in our era of frenzied finance there seems too great a mania for turning over quick money in the breeding industry.

There is reason to suspect there are too many rich juvenile stakes in the early season that tempt an abuse of the class before the youngsters are thoroughly matured. Furthermore, the two-year-olds are raced at too great distances too early in the year. What sense in sending the babies over routes that seem to have become popular with our handicap horses? Route racing for the older horses seems the answer to the problem. But this can be accomplished only by teamwork of the various associations. Trainers cannot be expected to waste time preparing horses to cover distances when the rich stakes put a premium on sprinting ability and where one or two cup races a year at most is an incentive.

Showing Fandom Just Where Huggins Stands

ONE could hardly have blamed the Yankee Colonels, as the owners of the New York American League club have come to be known, if they had followed the usual custom of "forgetting all about baseball" until winter snows had fallen. Theirs must have been keen disappointment to have their high-priced aggregation of players perform so miserably in the world's series. When they showed their real sportsmanship the night the series ended by paying their respects to the Giants' owners and going on record with the statement that "the better team had won" the fans regarded that the losers had played their part gracefully and well.

But a new angle developed that would not allow complete retirement from all pertaining to baseball. The rumor spread that Miller Huggins would be deposed, relegated to the rear as a baseball failure because his club had twice failed to win the honors so much desired by the Yankee Colonels.

This rumor might have been allowed to travel and grow for a month or two but for one reason. Silence by the Colonels would have put Huggins in an unfair light before the fans of the country. The owners were satisfied, that the little manager was not to blame for the debacle of a few days ago and they wanted the world to feel as they felt. So they acted while the rumor of Huggins' enforced retirement for failure was still fresh. They called Huggins into conference and signed him to a new contract. It was the earliest date for such a signature since Huggins first came to the Yankees, but there was an unfair rumor to be downed and two sportsmen downed it.

The argument against Huggins is that he was more considerate of his men than they were of him—if indeed it is an argument against a person that he gives more in loyalty than he receives. Huggins' tactics throughout the series were sound, and the same goes for the pennant fight. After seeing the Yankees in the big series one must laud Huggins that he was able to win a pennant with a team subject to such lapses. If the Yankees played half as well as Huggins played in his day, or planned it for them later, they would not have occasioned so many groans among their well-wishers a short time back.

Youth Triumphs in Golf Tournaments

THE golf season is succumbing to a slow death. It is more unyielding this year than ever before, what with several minor tournaments yet to be played. Undoubtedly the time will come when the golf season will be as long as the snow remains off the ground. However, there is no denying that this has been quite the most remarkable season in golf history, especially in this country.

The outstanding feature of the whole year has been the triumph of youth in all big tournaments. The competition each year is becoming so keen that now one must be absolutely fit for the fray. Gene Sarazen, Jesse Sweetser and Glenna Collett are mere youngsters, just out of their teens, but each in winning a title put on the greatest series of golf exhibitions ever before shown on this side of the water. Sarazen, especially, has had a phenomenal year and his victory over Hagen was a fitting climax to a wonderful year.

Syracuse Still Contender in Spite of Tie

Overconfidence of Orange Played Big Part in Scoreless Battle With Brown

By Ray McCarthy

After seeing the Syracuse eleven play a scoreless tie against Brown on Saturday we still contend the Orange is a championship possibility. But before justifying such a prophecy the up-state eleven will have to shake itself loose from its lethargic condition. Had the New Yorkers been aroused on Saturday there is little doubt they would have beaten the Providence students decisively.

Syracuse went into that game a bit overconfident, listless and in a state of mind not calculated to bring it success. Coach Meehan foresaw the symptoms as early as Friday night, when he cautioned his men against underestimating Brown.

The game began with Brown aroused to a fighting pitch. In this instance the Brunonians psychologically had the advantage. They were picked to be beaten and roundly so. They were out on that field to hold the Orange in check and consequently they were ever alert, always on their toes and constantly carrying forward.

Not so with the up-state eleven, which began the contest in a rather leisurely manner. In no time Meehan had made several substitutions and had sent in instructions to bring it success. Several costly mistakes, and before the Syracuse students could pull themselves together the first half had ended.

The Orange was a different team in the second half. But so was Brown. Having held the highly touted speedsters from New York from crossing its line, the local team became imbued with confidence and courage. It put up a defense in the second half that was as good as any we have ever seen and which effectively resisted all efforts of the Salt City students to push over a score.

Even so, Syracuse might well have won the game just for bungling on the part of the officials. In the latter part of the game, just after Syracuse had lost the ball on down, Mort Starobin, of the visitors, with a mighty effort broke through, smashed down a pass, scooped up the ball and ran for a touchdown. The umpire's whistle blew and the play was revoked. The umpire said it was an incomplete forward pass. Captain Culver protested, but to no avail.

After the game Coach Meehan accented the four officials together. "That decision cost us that game," he said, "and I would like an explanation. Certainly that was a lateral pass as much as those two previous passes of Brown's were lateral." Referee Reed, who had given the ruling, said he saw the ball was grounded. McGrath declared he knew nothing about the play. And so the matter ended.

Syracuse will play Pittsburgh next Saturday and unless we are mightily mistaken it will be a different kind of a team from the one which Brown tied. This contest ought to be a knockout. Undoubtedly old Pop Warner is thoroughly aroused now. Two defeats in succession is something entirely new for him.

We met a scout last night who had seen the Pitt-West Virginia game. "A draw would have been a good decision for that game," he said. "Pittsburgh, on fine, strong, rushing tactics, marched straight down the field for its touchdown. West Virginia blocked a kick. Later West Virginia kicked a goal. So went the game. But, I'm telling you Pitt is a great team, make no mistake about that."

Yale's Play Against Westerners Far Below Standard Expected

Allowing for Loss of Three Stars, Blue Attack Lacked Speed, Versatility, Deception and Cohesion; Team Work Is Absent in Tad Jones's Outfit

By Grantland Rice

Admitting the heavy deficit caused by the absence of Jordan, O'Hearn and Beckett, Yale's play on Saturday was distinctly below the standard we expected to find. It is possible that the loss of both Blue quarterbacks completely broke up the Yale attack. Whatever the reason, her attack lacked speed, versatility, deception and cohesion. It was merely a matter of individual efforts on the part of Wight and Neidlinger, with the passing game working so poorly that it was not even threat enough to scatter the Iowa defense or keep it guessing at any stage.

Out of six forward passing efforts, the ball on three occasions was never thrown at all, because there was no one in sight to receive it; on three other occasions it was either thrown to an Iowa rival or an uncovered spot of New Haven's defense.

The absence of three such stars as Jordan, O'Hearn and Beckett is a heavy blow. Yet three such sturdy backs as Mallory, Wight and Neidlinger, working with a strong line, ought to gain more ground and do more damage than Yale did on Saturday, especially in the first two periods, when fourteen attempts netted exactly twelve yards. Yale had the experience of three games, one easy enough and the other two stiff, developing contests.

Iowa had known only one runaway preliminary, a big handicap to face. Yet Iowa, in spite of this handicap, looked to be a smoother, better developed team than Yale. Iowa had better interference, a better run of plays and a much better passing game. After that second period touchdown Iowa slowed down perceptibly in her drive, either because Parkin and Locke were run ragged or because the Westerners were content to fall back upon defensive tactics against an offense that was showing so little. Iowa had a touchdown, and there was nothing in the Yale attack to bother her, especially within the 25-yard zone. So why worry?

Yale can look with satisfaction upon the work of her line from tackle to tackle, the great defensive play of Mallory, Wight and Neidlinger, and the game efforts of Wight and Neidlinger to drive their way to the Western goal line. But there was no vision of a well-made machine in action—no feeling of a well-organized body with a well-worked-out system of ground-gaining play. Yale could threaten, but

Waterloo, Iowa, was the main star of the afternoon. He ran with speed and power, and also with a twisting body movement that threw off two and three tacklers to the dash. In one return we counted five Yale tacklers who had free, open access to his legs and body, but who failed to even slow down his sprint. He is one of those natural runners, never the manner of Glen Kilgus, but not quite up to the Killer-gear mark just now.

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